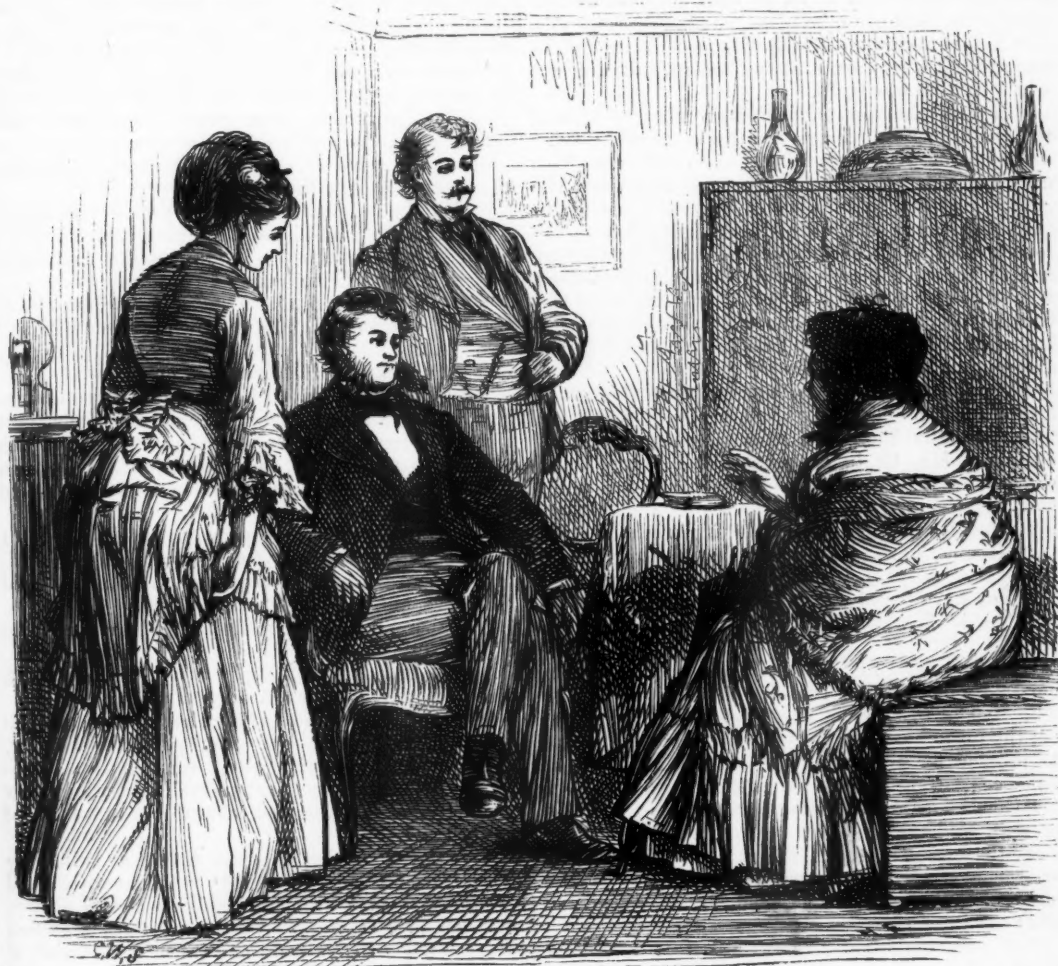


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



MRS. BATT'S BUDGET OF NEWS.

## LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. DAVENANT IN EARNEST.

"Who shall decide where doctors disagree?"

"Other things being equal, a large school is always a better instrument of instruction than a small one—better classified, better taught, with more scope for action, more dignity, more life."

No. 1144.—NOVEMBER 23, 1873.

So says one "doctor." Another, in the shape of Myrtle, said: "I am sure the smaller the school the safer for the girl. When there are very few, the care taken is greater and the danger is less. Girls, when they are thrown together without almost individual watching, are sure to do each other mischief."

"Then, my dear, if our baby should prove to be a girl, we had better not send her to school at all," said Mr. Davenant.

"I cannot see why my care, and a governess that

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

can teach all I can't teach, wouldn't be better than any school," said Myrtle.

Mr. Davenant remarked that a governess able to teach "*all that she couldn't teach*" would be a difficult thing to find.

"I know, Carlton, that I could not go beyond quite plain teaching; but there are ladies—ladies like Laura, you know—who can teach everything, I should think."

"I should think *not*," said Mr. Davenant, smiling, but not with his satirical smile—"that is, not teach everything *well*. I can see great advantages in a large school, where each branch of knowledge has its own instructors. Where all the teaching comes through the channel of one mind, there will probably be an undue interest given to such subjects as that mind most inclines to."

"Yes, certainly," said Myrtle, who did not quite understand what her husband meant, but did not doubt that he was right.

"In fact," he continued (though more to himself than to his wife), "I agree with Dr. Arnold: 'The difference between a useful education and one which does not affect the future life rests mainly on the greater or less activity which it has communicated to the pupil's mind—whether he has learned to think, to act, and to gain knowledge by himself, or whether he has merely followed passively, as long as there was some one to draw him.' I should like an education for her (if it should not be for *him*) that would make her all that *you* and *I* could desire, and, I think, that comprehends everything."

Myrtle, who had not entered on the debate with reference to the pupil not yet born, but with regard to one of the Beverleys, whom her husband, not aware of Mr. Graham's return, still purposed to educate, now went back to her starting-point, and was busy in studying the papers which Clara had given her for the purpose of selecting a school.

"Here is Charles!" said Mr. Davenant; "he will help you," as Mr. Leporel gaily entered the room.

"You have found a new sitter, or sold an old picture," said Mr. Davenant; "I needn't say, 'How are you?'"

Charles replied that he had neither found a sitter nor sold a picture, but that he had capital news to tell. "The troubles of the Beverleys are disposed of; the uncle has come to look after them, and means to provide for them all," he said, relating all he knew concerning Mr. Graham's intentions.

"Good!" said Mr. Davenant. "Then, for the present, we have done with schools, my dear; so put away those papers—burn them; there will be new systems at work by the time we want one! Myrtle inclines to 'a mother and a governess,' Charles: what say you?"

"If you could get a governess that combined Clara and Miss Loft, and that old lady her aunt, and a few other characters and minds I could name, I would vote for her, assuredly; Myrtle being the mother!" said Charles.

"And that being a prize not to be had, don't you think that a large school, where various minds and characters unite for the work, is good?"

Charles laughed, and said he was glad to see him so gravely concerned on the subject.

"I am concerned in it," said Mr. Davenant; "not solely on personal grounds, but with reference to the various questions of the day. Myrtle" (who had left the room) "would not, under any teaching, have made

a Mrs. Somerville; but if her mind had been investigated and well handled, her natural powers, of whatever class, drawn out and fed and cultivated, she would have saved me from much that I look back on with regret, and herself from great mortification, I am afraid. If I have a daughter, Charles, I am determined so to educate her that her husband shall reverence her mind as well as love her spirit. I am a convert to the doctrine that there has been much excellent material lost, for want of working up, in the latent powers of our wives."

"Well, the old story of the usual routine of an English education, with French and music, and other 'accomplishments' (sticking like so many spangles on the outside, to ornament a doll, instead of being inwrought, to produce their proper effect on the living character), is rapidly passing away, I think," said Charles, taking up one of the "ladies' school" prospectuses which Myrtle had dropped in her haste to go and write to Laura the happy news of the Beverley deliverance from poverty and care. "So let us burn the ashes of the system, and cry 'requiescat in pace,'" said Mr. Davenant, throwing the prospectus into the fire.

"Will he people Canada with them?" he asked, when Charles had done describing the interview he had had with the Canadian, and the favourable impression that Aline had made on him.

"No, he means to take Aline, and perhaps one or two of the others, the rest he will provide for here," said Charles.

"How?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"By supplying them with the opportunity of learning remunerative arts; for, among other grievances which (I may now perhaps venture to say) women may justly complain of, the apprenticeships through which boys acquire such knowledge are closed against them."

"What arts do they propose to teach them? I don't mean these girls, but girls generally; don't smile, I really ask gravely and in earnest," said Mr. Davenant.

"Drawing and painting, from the highest branches of the art down to house decorating," said Charles.

"Including sign-painting?" asked Mr. Davenant, with something of his old satirical smile.

"If you please," replied Charles; "anything that will answer the purpose of 'pay;' porcelain painting, and gilding, wood engraving, illuminating, lithography, telegraphy, photographic painting, law copying, book-keeping, and other things that I cannot call to mind."

Mr. Davenant looked thoughtful, and heartily assented when Charles added, "A man with small means, perhaps nothing beyond his clerk's salary, and unable to save any portion of that, may face the time when his labours and salary must cease, if his daughters are able to provide for themselves, should they find it needful to do so. Isn't this good?"

"Yes, yes, very good," said Mr. Davenant; "and here is my wife back again, who will also say it is good, though the very name of 'women's rights' is as terrible in her ears as an Indian war-whoop!"

"Carlton, that old woman, that good old woman who has done so much for the Beverleys, is here; she has come to ask how Laura is, and whether she has gone back to Hurley. Would you like to see her?"

"Like?" exclaimed Mr. Davenant; "no, but I

will see her; does she know about the return of the uncle?" he asked Charles.

"Oh yes, doubtless; Mr. Graham said he should go to his niece at once."

"You may bring her in, if you like; but I have no special liking to a great deal of talk with very little meaning," said Mr. Davenant.

"Oh, bring her in!" cried Charles; "she has such a capital face; it haunted me for two days after that catastrophe scene!"

Myrtle quickly returned with Mrs. Batts, who had no ambition for the honour, and sought to evade it by pleading loss of time.

"So!" said Mr. Davenant, "you want to know about Miss Loft; Mrs. Davenant has told you all she knows. I know nothing; perhaps this gentleman may be able to tell you something."

He pointed to Charles, who, so suddenly and unexpectedly attacked, felt his colour rise as he said he had not heard of his sister's receiving any letter from the lady lately.

"And what is this about Mrs. Beverley and her family?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"The best of happiness, which they look on it to be, sir, and well they may, being as they'll never know want no more," replied Mrs. Batts, serenely.

"And about Sir Antony, is he getting out of his troubles? How's the baby?"

"Well, sir, the poor lamb is happy now, and who could be sorry, only for his father's broken heart?" she said, looking so mournful that Myrtle's heart beat quick and her eyes filled with tears.

"You mustn't make Mrs. Davenant cry," said Mr. Davenant, looking at his wife with a tenderness that struck Charles forcibly.

"I'd be the last to make any one cry, only for joy, as poor Miss Aline did, when she found she was going over the sea with her uncle, and more's the pity, only she haven't got no objections to the salt water, being as she don't know nothink about it."

"Ah, that accounts for many of the mistakes we make, 'we don't know nothink about it.' Poor Sir Antony knew no more when he married that precious wife of his."

"It's what aunt was used to say to me, sir. 'Sally,' she says, 'we can't try matrimony,' she says, 'being as it's done when it's done, and there it is.'"

"Ah! 'there it is,' indeed!" said Mr. Davenant, laughing; "and did you attend to your aunt?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I did, but not in the way of minding what she said, so far as marrying went," said Sally.

"The way that most people 'attend,' you observe," said Mr. Davenant to Charles.

"You see, sir, Batts had a way of talking as quite come over me; and not knowing of his worriting temper (dear sir, there's a many husbands as is never found out till it's a very awkward thing, and better never found out at all, as you may say), I married him."

"Ventured on him, as Miss Beverley is going to do on the salt water?" said Mr. Davenant, whose conscious face showed that the innocent home-thrust of the old woman had not been lost on him.

Mrs. Batts was about to reply; but, not wishing for another edition of "Batts's worrits," he asked again where and how Sir Antony Mildwater was.

"He's as well as can be expected, sir. I don't think he'll ever overget the poor little baby; but good always comes with bad, as I told him, and Lady

Mildwater's taking to other ways (as doesn't seem to me any better) is a comfort to him."

"What ways?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"Why, sir, she've given up talking about women, and all that, and she've taken to going to church all day long, and doing all manner of goodness that way."

By dint of inquiries almost as close as Mr. Grey could have put them, Mr. Davenant discovered that Lady Mildwater had joined a guild and attached herself to a notorious ritualistic church, recently built.

Charles remarked that her conduct having become pretty well known, no doubt all the worthy advocates of the rights of women had withdrawn from her, and she had, in fact, been driven out. As her whole aim had been to glorify herself, and otherwise effect her own ends, she had, most probably, attached herself to her present associates in order to rise among them by throwing in the weight of her arguments and example.

"No doubt she has a selfish end to serve," said Mr. Davenant; "but I wonder decent people of any sort will admit her to their society."

"Why, sir, by her letter to Sir Antony, which he read all through to me, I should think she wanted to be good, and to tell him to be good, as is as good as ever he can be, it's my belief. It's like her impertence to say, axing your pardon. And beautiful it is to hear him talk, and say as he would have kept his dear little one; but now, all he wants is to go to him at the right time, and David couldn't say no more, could he, sir?"

"And what was the letter about?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"About all manner; and as she wanted some money, and hoped as he would join her in doing all he could for the church (as if he could do more than go twice a day, and him so weak); and as she repented (and glad I was to hear it); and as she flogged herself wi' a rope wi' knots in it, summat she called it; and I hope as she does it hearty."

"A scourge?" asked Mr. Davenant, laughing.

"That's the very word, sir; and I said, if so be as she'd been well whipped when she was little, she'd had no need for it now."

"A good hint to all the ladies who use them!" said Charles, laughing, to Mr. Davenant.

"And as how she sweeps the church, and stays there all night to take care of it till some other lady comes; like a housemaid, you know, sir; and I says if she don't keep it cleaner than she did her husband's house, I wouldn't give much for her work!" continued Sally.

"Anything more?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"Eh, dear, sir, I couldn't remember the half of it! only it was three times over she asked for money, and hoped the uncle had sent some, and said summat about 'Father' somebody, and I couldn't make out whose father it was, and said he was a 'hangel,' and that he should have the use of her 'talons' evermore!"

Mr. Davenant asked Charles if he had heard of this conversion of Lady Mildwater.

"A rumour," said Charles. "A letter from the woman lies now at home for Clara, who is at Port Ockery trying to propitiate the uncle in favour of poor Tony, but not one groat will he be allowed to send to his wife, I am sure!"

"Wife!" cried Mr. Davenant, "don't profane the name!" And then, as if to change from a subject so



distasteful to him, he asked what sort of man Mr. Graham was.

"A capital fellow!" cried Charles. "Square in shape and face, square in mind, and bringing that mind to bear on all questions with a four-sided fairness and sobriety that charmed our old lawyer friend, though they had a fight or two."

"On what points?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"Oh, the old one, that seems now to come in to everything—women's rights," said Charles.

"I can't think what the women would have!" said Mr. Davenant.

"Just what old Grey said, so hear it fairly stated. Many declaim against their cry for 'rights' without in the least knowing whether their claims are reasonable or unreasonable. They want three things: first, the opening to them of all helps to education; second, that women shall pursue any calling for which they deem themselves fitted, without the restriction of law or custom; third, that women possessing those qualifications for political power which make men eligible to it, shall have it."

Mr. Davenant looked impatient at this third item.

"Well," said Charles, "men who once thought and felt as you do have changed their minds on this matter; remember how one man (who you know had never favoured it) declared in the House that he believed the feeling against granting women the franchise was the result of old prejudice, and how another quoted Italy, Austria, Sweden, and some of the American States, as having conceded the same; he spoke, too, of the universities having, in a measure, become alive to the injustice that had hitherto excluded half the race from their schools."

"I will emigrate," said Mr. Davenant; "I am growing tired of this England of ours, which is no longer our 'old England,' Charles, but a half-ruined thing, which I recoil from thinking of."

Charles, smiling, said, "Nay, stay to do your part in saving it from ruin; at any rate, don't sail to Canada with the square uncle of the Beverleys; he will tell you, with unpitied plainness, that the English laws are iniquitous as they regard women. He challenged her on the points of marriage settlements, the law of intestacy in its injustice to widows and daughters and younger sons, the inequality between the protection granted to men against women and that to women against men, and lots of things that made the lawyer look—very much as you do now—afraid of the whole concern."

"It is no joke, Charles," said Mr. Davenant; "it is a day in which no thinking man can feel restful; I believe our very foundation interests are on the heave; can you see the movements among all parties, religious, social, and political, and doubt it?"

"I do *not* doubt it; what the changes rapidly approaching are to usher in I cannot tell; happy is the man who can watch the waves, as they swell and surge, and believe that they are controlled by a higher power."

Both were silent for a few seconds.

"You, of course, go in for the Canadian's sentiments?" said Mr. Davenant.

"I go with no one's sentiments; I think many are conscientiously struggling for the things contested for, and many are as conscientiously struggling against them; all I say is, may all true reforms be accomplished, though it be at the cost of old prejudices, of which 'our old England,' you will admit, has a few," said Charles.

"All good!" said Mr. Davenant, a fair measure of earnest giving the assumed pleasantry with which he spoke something of a defiant tone. "We are among quicksands, Charles," he continued; "but I feel, men who can think and who have power to act ought not to give way to the innovating spirit now rampant. I am more than half inclined to believe that all these social upsettings are radii from one centre. I do not deny that human laws are imperfect, being human, and that to improve them is wise and good; but to lay sacrilegious hands on the foundation-stones cannot be good; and I maintain that that is being done now. 'Yes!' he added, seeing Charles's fixed look at him, "I believe that agitators who stir up sex against sex, and class against class, are, wittingly or unwittingly, preparing greater mischief. You may look well, Charles, or the Bible you now rest on will be taken from our land; popery and infidelity are very busy at the work, and while people, in their simplicity, are fighting for comparative shadows, the substance of all that is good will be stolen."

"I did not know that you had thought so seriously about things," said Charles. "I know that there is much unfixing, breaking up, and so on, going on."

"Yes, and I hope we may not be seduced by false colouring to follow evil, mistaking it for good," said Mr. Davenant.

"False colouring' ought to mislead *you* before it does me, at any rate!" said Charles, smiling.

"How interested you both look!" cried Myrtle, coming in from a little private conference with Sally, whom she had furnished with various comforts for poor Tony.

"We have been talking of things concerning the next generation, my dear; don't you think we ought to look interested?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"Yes, indeed," she answered, with a sigh of sincere concern for the next generation, with the whole of which she already felt a mother's sympathy.

Mr. Davenant followed Charles to the hall, and said, "I should be more inclined to look favourably on this pet hobby of yours if it were not for the principles of some of its loudest supporters, men who insidiously bring in infidel notions. With such allies, I question if a victory gained in your ranks may not prove worse than a defeat!"

#### A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE COAL OUTLOOK.\*

THE existing coal-fields of the United Kingdom are said to contain about 90,000 millions of tons, in addition to which there are, according to geologists, some 56,000 millions of tons more lying at workable depths under the Permian, New Red Sandstone, and other superincumbent strata. The aggregate of coal, therefore, estimated to be obtainable by human industry and applicable for future use, is not less than 146,000 millions of tons. Taking our consumption of coal (including in the term consumption all that is raised from the pits and sold) at 120 millions of tons annually, and supposing such a rate of consumption to continue, the entire amount of our available coal would be exhausted in

\* In the "Leisure Hour" for October, p. 623, we have given some account of the causes of the high price of coal, with practical hints on the best ways of economising in its use.

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1,200 years. If the consumption were at once doubled the supply would only last for 600 years. The increase of consumption, however, could not be sudden, and as it would depend mainly on the state of commerce and manufactures, it would be subject to the vicissitudes which mark our national industry. The consumption at the present time is exceptionally large, and if we reflect that it is double what it was less than twenty years ago, we might feel warranted in concluding that it will double again in a like or shorter period, and so on, in which case the supply might come to an end in a few generations. Opinions differ, as we have shown in previous papers. Sir William Armstrong, for example, estimates that, at the present rate of working, the principal seams would be exhausted in two hundred years.

That the coal of England will ever be absolutely exhausted, no one supposes; what is to be dreaded is, that coal should become so scarce and dear as to be available only to the wealthy and well-to-do classes. As a rule, it is the coal which is easiest got at which is first worked out. When the cost of working and winning it has become so great that it cannot be sold for less than five or six pounds a ton, the mines will be virtually closed to the masses of the population. Long before that comes to pass the English will have taken to importing coal from the very countries to which they now export it. We send coal to Belgium, Germany, France, and other European nations; and three years ago English coals were burned in the households of New York at considerably less cost to consumers than they have latterly been selling for in London. It is likely enough that the time will come when it shall pay us better to import part of our coal than to raise it from our all but exhausted coal-beds. North America, indeed, might supply us with any quantity, since it possesses tracts of coal-bearing strata, as yet almost untouched, of seventy times the area of our own; and if we have been able to supply the New Yorkers at less than 40s. a ton, there seems no reason why we may not, at some future time, be supplied with coal from America at, at least, as low a price—supposing we should require it.

But need we look forward to such a necessity? or, if we must look forward to it, can we do nothing to put off the evil day? It is submitted that we can do a good deal. We are notoriously the most wasteful people under the sun, and it may be asserted with perfect truth that our waste of coal has been, and still is, most wanton and wilful. "It is melancholy to learn," says Mr. Liefchild, "that in what is termed the 'waste' and 'goaves' of many large coal-pits, some of which have been shut for ever, thousands upon thousands of tons of the best coal lie buried as in a fathomless sepulchre. Improvements in mining in the north of England have allowed of much less wasteful extraction there than previously; but taking all our coal-fields together, the ordinary and unavoidable waste amounts to at least ten per cent. of the whole delivery, while the avoidable waste sometimes reaches to forty per cent. One singular example of waste is that of the 'pit-heaps' which are known to colliers. We ourselves were wont to look at these vast mounds of small coal, which had by annual accumulations swelled into their present proportions, and to wonder at the fearful waste of fuel therein involved. Many years ago we stood upon an eminence at South Hetton, and looked over a vast area of these pit-heaps, which in some instances

were burning away during the night. All the colliers had free access to these accumulations of small coal, and filled their scuttles as often as they pleased. Now, however, these neglected pit-heaps have become valuable and chargeable, and what had been recklessly wasted for half a century is now sought with money, and the remnants are sold to eager purchasers."

Such is the waste in getting the coal; a far greater and more inexcusable waste is connected with the consumption of it. "Out of all the coal," says the same authority, "which we have been burning for centuries, nothing is more sure than this, that we have never obtained a quarter of its theoretical heating value. We have squandered our mineral fuel like prodigals, with no better excuse than that we were in part helpless in our prodigality. As we know that our steam-boilers now consume scarcely half as much coal as they consumed ten years ago, and as the present calorific effect is only one-eighth of the coal actually consumed, what must have been the waste of coal retrospectively for many years? In fact, we may be said to have been burning coal in systematic waste." The waste, be it observed, is relatively far greater in our domestic than in our manufacturing consumption. If the manufacturer does not get a quarter of the heating value out of his coal, the housekeeper, as he sits by his winter fire, gets, under present arrangements, about a twentieth part, and cook in the kitchen does not usefully apply even as much as that.

One good effect of the late coal-panic has been that it has opened our eyes, and made us aware of the waste and mismanagement of which we have been guilty; and people are now thinking seriously of reform and of practical measures of economy. Economy in coal-getting, it is said, will be furthered by the use of coal-cutting machines, which do not occasion half the waste attending the ordinary processes. Some of these machines are now on their trial, the coal-masters expressing confident hopes of their success. Another suggested economy is the working of collieries on the co-operative principle; and for an example of success in this direction we are referred to the Whitwood Collieries, near Normanston, in which the workpeople are also shareholders. The results are said to be most satisfactory; strikes are done away with; the workmen are contented and thriving; the shareholders divide between them an annual profit of from 12 to 14 per cent., and each man gets a proportionate bonus on his labour of about 7½ per cent., while the production of the mine is greater than ever it was before. It is often urged that the obstacles to the introduction of the co-operative principle among pitmen are more formidable than they are with other industrials; here, however, is an instance in which the difficulty has been overcome, and the success has been marked and decided, and we commend it to the consideration of all concerned. It is certain that coal cannot be won without colliers; their almost total want of education has made it extremely difficult to deal with them; but they are open to the attractions of self-interest and self-respect, and both feelings would be gratified by engagements that should give them a personal and enduring interest in the prosperity of the undertakings with which they connect themselves.

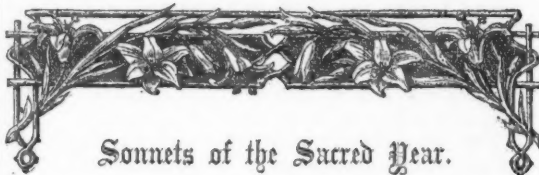
But in the prospect, near or remote, of a deprivation of coal, what substitutes are possibly available? what sources of mechanical power are there inde-

pendent of fire and fuel? There is the old windmill, which has been almost thrust out of existence by the steam-mills, and which may yet have to be restored. There is a vast amount of unused water-power running to waste, which, under a dearth of coal, may be again utilised, and may be increased to an indefinite extent. Some year or two ago the world was informed by an ingenious machinist, that nature herself supplies the United Kingdom with an inexhaustible store of mechanical power of which we have never yet availed ourselves. In other words, the ebb and flow of the tides upon the shores of our island creates a force sufficient to work all the machinery in the kingdom over and over again. A few seasons back, as some of our readers may remember, there was exhibited at the International Exhibition, at Kensington, a model machine, or series of contrivances, showing how, by the sole action of the ebbing and flowing tides, air could be compressed, stored up in receivers, and be thence led off in pipes to supply, as steam does, the moving power to machinery of any kind that is stationary. The projector seems to have had the idea of locating manufactories at or near the sea-side, so that old Ocean might be compelled to do the work that is now done by steam. There did not appear to be any flaws in the plan, but we have not yet heard of its being carried into operation. There is no question whatever but that the power is there, it waits but "the Hour and the Man" for its profitable utilisation.

On the principle that "a penny saved is a penny got," every saving of coal is a winning of coal. Apropos of this principle, we turn to a report, which has just come to hand, of the lighting of the city of Chichester with gas manufactured from water. We are not going to describe the process, with which we have nothing to do in this place; we merely point to such facts as bear upon the question in hand. These facts are, that in producing gas from water the fuel used is coke, for which peat might very well be substituted; that from a ton of coke in the retort 132,000 feet of gas are obtained, while about two tons of coke are burned in the furnace. Thus it takes three tons of fuel to produce 132,000 feet of gas. But the gas expands when it is passed through a reservoir containing petroleum spirit, and is thus increased 25 per cent., so that 165,000 cubic feet of lighting gas are actually manufactured by the consumption of three tons of coke. Now the importance of this new process, and its bearing on the question we are treating, lies in the further fact, that by its means serviceable gas can be made at a cost of about 1s. 8d. the 1,000 cubic feet, which is considerably less than half the price consumers are paying for it in London, and not a third of the sum it costs in many of our inland towns and cities—while the consumption of fuel in producing it is reduced in relative proportion.

Is it likely that, with all that the spirit of invention on the one hand, and scientific research on the other, can do for us, we shall at some far distant day be brought to a commercial standstill for lack of coal? And will that be, as the croakers will have it, *Finis Britannia*? We will not think it. We will rather think that long before our coal-beds are exhausted, coal will have become comparatively valueless, owing to the discovery of other and better means of producing the heat we desiderate, whether for our manufactures or for our domestic convenience and comfort. There is nothing at all absurd in the idea that

science in the coming ages shall exercise a far more potent sway than man has ever yet dreamed of; and that our descendants may look upon the abandoned, not exhausted, coal-mines as monuments of the ignorant energies of their forefathers, and even on the steam-engine itself as a relic of a barbarous and unenlightened age.



### Sonnets of the Sacred Year.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," "THE THANKSGIVING HYMN," ETC.

#### PREFATORY SONNET.

"Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. But I say, Have they not heard? Yes verily, their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."—Rom. x. 17, 18.

THERE is a music flowing through the years—  
The mystic time, and times, and half a time—  
With cadence sweet and solemn, like a chime  
Heard in a city's roar. To hearing ears  
'Tis the authentic chanting of those spheres  
That, round the single Day-star of the soul,  
Through the set seasons in their courses roll,  
With light and song for him who sees and hears.  
Behold, these diverse Truths reflect One Lord:  
And, like a bow of circling sound, they blend  
In the full sweetness of their heptachord  
All tones of the Beginning and the End.  
I listen, Lord: O touch my lips with fire,  
That singing in their tune I may not tire.

#### FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. xiii. 11.

"SALVATION and Destruction: Heaven and Hell:

Each nearer! Night is long and slumber deep,  
But Night is passing; up, then, from thy sleep,  
Child of the kingdom!" So the sentinel,  
Far vocal in the church's Advent bell,  
Calls from the Vale of Vision whose high tower  
Catches the first gleam of the Advent hour.  
O listen! 'tis a summons and a knell.  
Child, thou art resting all too soon, awake!  
Work thy Lord's will, for nearer is His Day.  
And if there are who wander from the Way,  
Witness of Him who terribly shall shake  
Their earth's foundations: win them to thy side,  
That at His cross they may their King abide.



## MARY STUART AND DAVID RIZZIO.

A NEW edition has lately been issued of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by Mr. Froude. One of the most valuable of these essays is on "The Influence of the Reformation on Scottish Character." It was in Scotland that the most successful resistance was made to the great Popish Powers in their attacks on free Protestant England. Had Queen Mary and her party succeeded in crushing the Reformation in Scotland, the cause of freedom in England would have been lost, and the main current of European history might have been changed. It is the custom now to speak favourably of Queen Mary, and to depreciate the patriotism of John Knox and the Scottish Reformers. Mr. Froude gives a truer and more generous statement of the politics of that time.

The Earl of Moray—the one supremely noble man then living in the country—was put out of the way by an assassin. French and Spanish money poured in, and French and Spanish armies were to be again invited over to Scotland. This is the form in which the drama unfolds itself in the correspondence of the time. Maitland, the soul and spirit of it all, said, in scorn, that "he would make the Queen of England sit upon her tail and whine like a whipped dog." The only powerful noblemen who remained upon the Protestant side were Lennox, Morton, and Mar. Lord Lennox was a poor creature, and was soon despatched; Mar was old and weak; and Morton was an unprincipled scoundrel, who used the Reformation only as a stalking-horse to cover the spoils which he had clutched in the confusion, and was ready to desert the cause at any moment if the balance of advantage shifted. Even the ministers of the Kirk were fooled and flattered over. Maitland told Mary Stuart that he had gained them all except one.

John Knox alone defied both his threats and his persuasions. Good reason has Scotland to be proud of Knox. He only, in this wild crisis, saved the Kirk which he had founded, and saved with it Scottish and English freedom. But for Knox, and what he was able still to do, it is almost certain that the Duke of Alva's army would have been landed on the eastern coast. The conditions were drawn out and agreed upon for the reception, the support, and the stay of the Spanish troops. Two-thirds of the English peerage had bound themselves to rise against Elizabeth, and Alva waited only till Scotland itself was quiet. Only Scotland quiet would not be. Instead of quiet came three dreadful years of civil war. Scotland was split into factions, to which the mother and son gave names. The Queen's lords, as they were called, with unlimited money from France and Flanders, held Edinburgh and Glasgow; all the border line was theirs, and all the north and west. Elizabeth's Council, wiser than their mistress, barely squeezed out of her reluctant parsimony enough to keep Mar and Morton from making terms with the rest; but there her assistance ended. She would still say nothing, promise nothing, bind herself to nothing, and, so far as she was concerned, the war would have been soon enough brought to a close. But away at St. Andrews, John Knox, broken in body, and scarcely able to stagger up the pulpit stairs, still thundered in the parish church; and his voice, it was said, was like ten thousand trumpets braying in

the ears of Scottish Protestantism. All the Lowlands answered to his call.

Our English Cromwell found in the man of religion a match for the man of honour. Before Cromwell, all over the Lothians and across from St. Andrews to Stirling and Glasgow—through farm and town and village—the words of Knox had struck the inmost chords of the Scottish commons' heart. Passing over knight and noble, he had touched the farmer, the peasant, the petty tradesman, and the artisan, and turned the men of clay into men of steel. The village preacher, when he left his pulpit, doffed cap and cassock, and donned morion and steel-coat. The Lothian yeoman's household became for the nonce a band of troopers who would cross swords with the night riders of Buccleuch. It was a terrible time, a time rather of anarchy than of defined war, for it was without form or shape. Yet the horror of it was everywhere. Houses and villages were burned, and women and children tossed on pikepoint into the flames. Strings of poor men were dangled day after day from the walls of Edinburgh Castle. A word any way from Elizabeth would have ended it, but that word Elizabeth would never speak; and, maddened with suffering, the people half believed that she was feeding the fire for her own bad purposes, when it was only that she would not make up her mind to allow a crowned princess to be dethroned. No earthly influence could have held men true in such a trial. The noble lords—the Earl of Morton and such-like—would have made their own conditions, and gone with the rest; but the vital force of the Scotch nation, showing itself where it was least looked for, would not have it so.

Such is the spirit in which Mr. Froude records the great conflict in Scotland. His portraiture of Queen Mary is very different from that which the apologists of Popery have adopted. Even in describing the terrible deed of the assassination of David Rizzio, while the crime of the chief actors is not excused, its connection with the previous conspiracy against the freedom and religion of Scotland is clearly shown. We quote part of the narrative from Mr. Froude's *History of England* (vol. viii., p. 248). The time is March, 1566:—

In the blindness of confidence, and to prevent the chance of failure in Parliament, Mary Stuart had collected the surviving peers of the old "spiritual estate," the Catholic bishops and abbots, and placed them "in the antient manner," intending, as she herself declared, "to have done some good anent the restoring the old religion, and to have proceeded against the rebels according to their demerits." On Thursday the 7th she presided in person at the choice of the Lords of the Articles, naming with her own mouth "such as would say what she thought expedient to the forfeiture of the banished lords;" and on Friday there was a preliminary meeting at the Tolbooth to prepare the Bill of Attainder (against Moray). The Lords of the Articles, carefully as they had been selected, at first reported "that they could find no cause sufficient for so severe a measure." The next day—Saturday—the Queen appeared at the Tolbooth in person, and after "great reasoning and opposition" carried her point. "There was no other

way but the lords should be attainted." The Act was drawn, the forfeiture was decreed, and required only the sanction of the Estates.

The same day, perhaps at the same hour, when Mary Stuart was exulting in the consciousness of triumph, the conspirators were completing their preparations. Sunday the 10th had been the day on which they had first fixed to strike their blow. But Darnley was impatient. He swore that "if the slaughter was not hasted" he would stab David in the Queen's presence with his own hand. Each hour of delay was an additional risk of discovery, and it was agreed that the deed should be done the same evening. Ruthven proposed to seize Rizzio in his own room, to try him before an extemporised tribunal, and to hang him at the market cross. So commonplace a proceeding, however, would not satisfy the imagination of Darnley, who desired a more dramatic revenge; he would have his enemy seized in the Queen's own room, in the very sanctuary of his intimacy; "where she might be taunted in his presence because she had not entertained her husband as she ought of duty." The ill-spirited boy, in retaliation for treatment which went it is likely no further than coldness and contempt, had betrayed or invented his own disgrace, to lash his kindred into fury, and to break the spirit of the proud woman who had humbled him with her scorn.

The Queen's friends—Huntly, Athol, Sutherland, Bothwell, Livingston, Fleming, Sir James Balfour, and others—were in Edinburgh for the Parliament, and had rooms in Holyrood; but as none of them dreamt of danger there were no troops there but the ordinary guard, which was scanty and could be easily overpowered. It was arranged that, as soon as darkness had closed in, the Earl of Morton, with a party of the Douglasses and their kindred, should silently surround the palace; at eight o'clock the doors should be seized and no person permitted to go out or in; while Morton himself, with a sufficient number of trusted friends, should take possession of the staircase leading to the Queen's rooms, and cut off communication with the rest of the building. Meanwhile the rest—. But a plan of the rooms is necessary to make the story intelligible. The suite of apartments occupied by Mary Stuart were on the first floor in the north-west angle of Holyrood Palace. They communicated in the usual way by a staircase with the large inner quadrangle. A door from the landing led directly into the presence chamber; inside the presence chamber was the bedroom; and beyond the bedroom a small cabinet or boudoir, not more than twelve feet square, containing a sofa, a table, and two or three chairs. Here, after the labours of the day, the Queen gave her little supper parties. Darnley's rooms were immediately below, connected with the bedroom by a narrow spiral staircase, which opened close to the little door leading into the cabinet.

The conspirators required the King's subscription to a bond, by which he declared that all that was done "was his own device and intention;" and then, after an early supper together, Ruthven, though so ill that he could hardly stand, with his brother George Douglas, Ker of Falconside, and one other, followed Darnley to his room, and thence with hushed breath and stealthy steps they ascended the winding stairs. A tapestry curtain hung before the cabinet. Leaving his companions in the bedroom, Darnley raised it and entered. Supper was on the table; the Queen was

sitting on the sofa, Rizzio in a chair opposite to her, and Moray's loose sister, the Countess of Argyle, on one side. Arthur Erskine the equerry, Lord Robert Stuart, and the Queen's French physician, were in attendance standing.

Darnley placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arm round her waist, and kissed her. As she shrunk from him half surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven.

Glaring for a moment on Darnley, and answering his kiss with the one word "Judas," Mary Stuart confronted the awful apparition, and demanded the meaning of the intrusion.

Pointing to Rizzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answered:

"Let yon man come forth; he has been here over long."

"What has he done?" the Queen answered; "he is here by my will." "What means this?" she said, turning again on Darnley.

The catiff heart was already flinching. "Ce n'est rien!" he muttered. "It is nothing!" But those whom he had led into the business would not let it end in nothing.

"Madame," said Ruthven, "he has offended your honour; he has offended your husband's honour; he has caused your Majesty to banish a great part of the nobility that he might be made a lord; he has been the destroyer of the commonwealth, and must learn his duty better."

"Take the Queen your wife to you," he said to Darnley, as he strode forward into the cabinet.

The Queen started from her seat "all amazed," and threw herself in his way, while Rizzio cowered trembling behind her and clung to her dress.

Stuart, Erskine, and the Frenchman, recovering from their astonishment and seeing Ruthven apparently alone, "made at him to thrust him out."

"Lay no hands on me," Ruthven cried, and drew his dagger; "I will not be handled." In another moment Falconside and George Douglas were at his side. Falconside held a pistol at Mary Stuart's breast; the bedroom door behind was burst open, and the dark throng of Morton's followers poured in. Then all was confusion; the table was upset, Lady Argyle catching a candle as it fell. Ruthven thrust the Queen into Darnley's arms and bade him hold her; while Falconside bent Rizzio's little finger back till he shrieked with pain and loosed the convulsive grasp with which he clung to his mistress.

"Do not hurt him," Mary said, faintly. "If he has done wrong he shall answer to justice."

"This shall justify him," said the savage Falconside, drawing a cord out of his pocket. He flung a noose round Rizzio's body, and while George Douglas snatched the King's dagger from its sheath, the poor wretch was dragged into the midst of the scowling crowd and borne away into the darkness. He caught Mary's bed as he passed; Falconside struck him sharply on the wrist; he let go with a shriek, and as he was hurried through the anteroom the cries of his agony came back upon Mary's ear: "Madame, madame, save me! save me!—justice—I am a dead man! spare my life!"

Unhappy one! his life would not be spared. They

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had intended to keep him prisoner through the night and hang him after some form of trial ; but vengeance | words, "This is from the King," drove Darnley's dagger into his side : a moment more and the whole



MURDER OF RIZZIO.

would not wait for its victim. He was borne alive as far as the stairhead, when George Douglas, with the | fierce crew were on him like hounds upon a mangled wolf; he was stabbed through and through with a

hate which death was not enough to satisfy, and was then dragged head foremost down the staircase, and lay at its foot with sixty wounds in him.

So ended Rizzio, unmourned by living soul, save her whose favour had been his ruin, unheeded now that he was dead as common carrion, and with no epitaph on his remains except a few brief words from an old servant of the palace, so pathetic because so commonplace. The body was carried into the lodge and flung upon a chest to be stripped for burial. "Here is his destiny," the porter moralised as he stood by; "for on this chest was his first bed when he came to this place, and there now he lieth a very niggard and misknown knave."

The Queen meanwhile, fearing the worst, but not knowing that Rizzio actually was dead, had struggled into her bedroom, and was there left with Ruthven and her husband. Ruthven had followed the crowd for a moment, but not caring to leave Darnley alone with her, had returned. She had thrown herself sobbing upon a seat; the Earl bade her not be afraid, no harm was meant to her; what was done was by the King's order.

"Yours!" she said, turning on Darnley as on a snake; "was this foul act yours? Coward! wretch! did I raise you out of the dust for this?"

Driven to bay, he answered sullenly that he had good cause; and then his foul nature rushing to his lips, he flung brutal taunts at her for her intimacy with Rizzio, and complaints as nauseous of her treatment of himself.

"Well," she said, "you have taken your last of me and your farewell; I shall never rest till I give you as sorrowful a heart as I have at this present."

Mr. Froude's character of Mary Stuart throughout the history is resented by many readers even with Protestant sympathies. The amusing outburst of disapproval when Mr. Thackeray made a disrespectful allusion to the Queen in a lecture at Edinburgh will be remembered. Many Scotchmen still take the side of the French Popish Queen against their own patriots Moray and Knox.\* Others will tolerate no defence of "the Scottish Jezebel." The reader has before him the verdict of our greatest modern English historian.

## THE WORKING CLASSES ABROAD.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—RUSSIA.

THE reports from Russia present no great attractions to an English workman, and they relate chiefly to the South of Russia. Of St. Petersburg and Moscow there are no accounts, which, however, is of small importance, since no working man in his senses would dream of visiting either of those

\* However divided authors and the learned may be, the common people in Scotland have, from tradition, very decided opinions as to the character of Mary Stuart. I once heard a mason, pointing up to the window of the room in Edinburgh Castle where King James I was born, use to his assenting companions language more plain than polite about "the Popish Queen and her French fiddler." As to the Queen's guilty connivance at the murder of her husband there is no room for doubt. The last words spoken by her on the night he was murdered were, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain." After she left, Darnley said to his servant Nelson, "She was very kind, but why did she speak of Davie's slaughter?" A few days before, the Queen wrote to her paramour Bothwell, as if afraid of the risk and publicity of the plan of blowing up the house by gunpowder, "Consider whether you can contrive anything more secret by medicine." Soon after she was united to the murderer of her husband.

capitals unless under a special contract with an employer in whose integrity he could confide. We proceed to extract such items of information as may be of use to an intending emigrant.

According to Mr. Barrow, the purchase power of money in *Kertch* is not above two-fifths of what it is with us—the rouble, which is worth on the average 2s. 6d., being about equal to the English shilling, so that if an artisan earned 50s. a week, he would find it go no farther than 20s. at home. Further, the risks to health at *Kertch* are very great, and of medical treatment there is none procurable worthy of the name. At *Nicolaieff*, according to Mr. Stevens, the Englishmen employed never save money until they have been for years accustomed to the ways of the country and have learned how to practise economy, which very few of them ever do. The workmen are housed in cottages with two rooms and a kitchen, at a rent varying from 40s. to 80s. or 90s. a year, according to the situation. The average wage is about 3s. a day, but there are only 202 working days in the year, owing to the numerous holidays, some of which have a singular origin. For instance, a Jew thought fit to discover, a few months before the death of the Emperor Nicholas, an image of the "Mother of God" walking about on its head, and the emperor appointed one day in the year for the celebration of the miracle! Then there are other hindrances to industry arising from the refusal of Russians to begin any work on a Monday, which they regard as the "heavy day," and most unlucky.

The Russians are urged by their rulers to employ no foreign hands or foreign material if they can be done without. When foreigners are engaged it is notorious that they are arbitrarily dismissed as soon as their art is acquired by the natives, and that in the face of the most binding contracts. For redress in such cases there is appeal to the civil tribunal, an appeal which no man would make who was not prepared to wait ten or fifteen years for an uncertain issue. More than ten years ago an Englishman, with a Russian partner, set up a fine flour mill in *Nicolaieff*; when the mill was fairly started the Russian tried to buy him out of it, but finding he could not do so, he dragged the Englishman into the tribunals. The mill was closed, with everything perishable or durable in it; the doors were sealed, and so they remain up to the present moment, and so probably matters will remain for another ten years. Meanwhile, the unfortunate Englishman, after spending his last penny on his just suit, has been reduced to the purchase of a donkey, with which he travels from fair to fair, selling pills as a specific against the ague. Mr. Stevens, in relating this case, says he could quote a volume of others of a like character; and he does quote two others of a kind not a whit less outrageous. He adds by way of comment, that though he considers there is a vast opening for labour from without, he would be sorry to recommend any one to immigrate on the faith of a Russian employer, however stringent a compact he may make with him. As a further instance of Russian honesty, he states that no Russian manufacturer hesitates to copy and mould English patented machinery, nor cares to avoid casting the name of the foreign maker—a piracy which defeats the purchaser of the article and brings discredit on the manufacturers of the West. This iniquitous practice is adopted in every factory of South Russia, the arsenals not excepted. Not long ago a factory near *Nicolaieff* drove a good trade in

making horse-power thrashers with Ransome and Sims's motto, "Sic vos non vobis," round the brand. No native workman takes a pride in his work, and all need constant supervision to keep them at work—the supervisors being mostly Englishmen or Frenchmen.

The climate of Nicolaieff is not unhealthy, but the temperature is very unstable, and in some parts of Kherson the floods bring agues, which are obstinate and apt to turn into typhus and dropsy. Provisions are much cheaper than with us, but fuel is extremely dear.

At *Odessa*, according to Mr. Abbott, a good many English and Scotch have found employment in the position of foremen; they were brought out by companies established on the spot, and are lodged at their employers' expense, with salaries varying from £2 10s. to £3 a week—the wages of native workmen being from 3s. to 5s. a day. A good deal of the work here is done by parties who dispose of their services in gangs for any work required to be done. Thus, if a house is to be built, the architect has only to warn one of these contractors that so many masons or carpenters are wanted, and they are immediately supplied. The system is so far advantageous to the working man, in that it provides him work for a certain period without his being at the pains to seek it, and he has a certain sum to depend upon instead of an uncertain prospect of wages. On the other hand, it is plain that under such a system the workman is liable to be engaged at a lower rate of wages than he might expect to get by bargaining himself.

A number of English women are employed in South Russia, in the capacity of governesses, nurses, and servants; and a high opinion is entertained of them. The salaries of governesses vary from thirty guineas to about eighty guineas a year. Servants make their own terms, and, if reliable, do well, the native servants being of the very worst description, indolent, inattentive, and strangers alike to comfort, order, and cleanliness; but no servant should go out without being first engaged. The value of money is about one-third greater in *Odessa* than in England, and provisions, with the exception of bread, are cheaper. House-rent is much higher than in our provincial towns, and fuel is fully twice as costly. The climate is healthy for a good part of the year; in the summer sudden changes have to be guarded against, and during the intense cold of winter, which sometimes sends the thermometer down to sixty degrees below freezing point, it is necessary to wrap up carefully in skins or furs.

At *Taganrog*, says Mr. Carruthers, the bare necessities for supporting existence are procurable at less cost than in England, but, with the exception of bread and meat, everything conducive to health and comfort is unobtainable unless at a high cost. A Russian artisan will live after his own fashion on 2s. a day, and get drunk six days out of seven into the bargain; but that outlay would hardly subsist an Englishman. The wages of labourers employed in loading and discharging goods vary from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day, and in times of pressure are as much as 7s. 6d. Skilled artisans earn from 4s. to 5s. daily, working ten clear hours. Board and lodging cost from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a day; the lodging is not very inviting: "a stage made with boards ranged round a heated room, on which any number of individuals lie down in a row, under cover of their own clothing, is the customary accommodation in winter." In

warm weather the bare ground serves for a couch, with some light covering as a protection from the gnats.

In *Poland* the industrial classes seem to be almost entirely ignored by the government, which does not interfere with them so long as they are quiet; but a strike would be put down at once with a high hand, as was shown not very long ago, when the hands in an iron foundry becoming unruly were summarily compelled to resume work under the threat of worse things. There is no sanitary legislation in the country—no system of water supply—no attempt at drainage, save on the surface of the soil—no system of parochial relief, and no medical supervision, except at a time of crisis, such as the outbreak of cholera. As the charitable institutions are almost nil, the proprietors of works and factories have to provide for the necessities of their workers, and they have therefore established dispensaries and made other arrangements for their benefit. So far as regards the bare necessities of life, money goes much farther in Poland than in England; but other things are dear, and imports from abroad are often at preposterously high prices, owing to the want of competition. The wages of artisans and mechanics vary from about 2s. to 3s. 6d. a day when paid by time, though earnings by the piece are fully one-third more. A workman might probably save money on these wages and yet live comfortably, provisions being so cheap.

As regards matters of health, an Englishman might diet himself much the same as at home; but as the climate is very dry he should make free use of such aliments as contain vegetable acids, and should take care on the first symptoms of illness, as the most trifling indispositions have a feverish tendency, and are apt to turn to typhus. The climate is not intemperate, the cold in winter being rarely intense or the heat very great in summer. Sheepskin coats are usually worn by workmen in the winter. In the country districts the dwellings of workmen are exceedingly bad, but in *Warsaw* wholesome lodgings are obtainable at a moderate charge.

The Polish workman wants constant looking after, and though he takes no pride in his work, and will take every opportunity to be idle in the absence of supervision, his work is on the whole superior to what is produced in other parts of Russia. It is the practice, when a man applies for employment, to put him on probation for a few days or weeks, during which time he can prove his quality, and if he be well skilled in his trade he is pretty sure of a fair remuneration.

The only industries in which there can be any opening for the British artisan and mechanic in Poland are the woollen and cotton factories and the metal works. At the present time there is no demand for labour in these branches, and when vacancies occur there is not the least difficulty in supplying them from Germany or Austria. No Englishman therefore should seek employment in Poland, unless under agreement with a manufacturer. On the other hand, English workmen who are steady and skilful are highly prized, and can command excellent remuneration; when they have been some time on the Continent, and have become acclimatised and accustomed to foreign habits, they frequently make a prosperous career in Poland. There are many there at the present time who have realised a comfortable



position and placed their children with every prospect of similar success. The English workmen in Poland meet with no ill-will or jealousy on the part of their Polish comrades, and as a general rule get on remarkably well in this respect.

Writing from *Riga*, Mr. Grignon says: "I should as little expect to see a British artisan or labourer working with those of this country, as to see a person belonging to these classes taking his place among the negroes of a field gang on a West Indian plantation. I look upon it as impossible that a decently-brought-up English artisan or labourer should accustom himself to the dirt, dishonesty, and slavish habits of the labouring classes of this town and neighbourhood. The only positions at present held by British employés in these provinces are those of overlookers or overseers in factories and in matters connected with steam-engines or railways, and in private establishments."

The wages of mechanics in *Riga* vary from 2s. to 3s. 10d. a day, and provisions are sufficiently cheap to enable a factory hand, in receipt of the lowest wage, to feed himself liberally for 10d. a day.

The climate is severe, ranging from 100 degrees above zero in summer, to forty below in winter, and is further liable to violent and sudden changes of temperature, often to the extent of thirty to forty degrees in a few hours. Food of all kinds is easily procurable, but, with the exception of bread and game, the quality is inferior. Beer is abundant and good; and dram-drinking prevails to a fearful extent among the lower orders. As to clothing, the sheep-skin of the country is best for winter, while the very lightest covering will suffice for summer—care being taken, however, to guard against a sudden access of cold. Lodgings are as bad as possible, without ventilation, without drainage, and extremely dirty. The hire of two rooms and a kitchen would be from £12 to £22, according to size and site. All foreigners pay a capitation tax of 9s. a year. There is no prospect at this moment for British artisans or mechanics in *Riga*. Any Englishman accepting an engagement in this part of Russia, should be careful to specify in his written contract that the sterling sum for which he has agreed shall be paid to him at the current rate of exchange on England; otherwise he is likely to be grievously cheated by his employer. A gentleman connected with a Birmingham house who lately took first-class English mechanics and labourers to *Riga*, pays, as wages, to the mechanics 38s. a week, with a subsistence allowance of 7s. a day; to the labourers 18s. a week, with subsistence allowance of 5s. a day.

### PLAYMATES AND COMPANIONS.

A GREAT deal has been said lately about young people being over-indulged and pampered, instead of being properly trained. There is some truth in the statement, for young people nowadays, especially children, are often allowed too much licence and governed too little. Yet it is a common fault of parents amongst the middle and upper middle classes in England—unsociable England, as it has been not altogether inaptly called—to neglect to provide their young sons and daughters with suitable companionship, a very important matter in domestic management.

Young children, especially if the family is not very small, feel the want less; it is even doubtful whether they are not better without strangers if the home is happy and well regulated. But when a home is ill-governed the children benefit immensely by visiting better managed households, and very often permanently benefit by the superior example.

A happy, genial, cheerful home is one of the greatest blessings and safeguards young people can possess. When home is attractive the desire to leave it for the excitement of mixed society is greatly lessened. But when homes, through various circumstances, unfortunately are unhappy—and, alas! how frequently it is the case—fitting society becomes doubly valuable.

And yet how do many parents act? Some think the young people have no need of companions at all, far less of any recreation. The girls they possibly succeed in shutting up from anything like intercourse with the outer world, till they leave them without a friend to whom they can look for sympathy or intercourse. The boys, restrained as long as possible, pick up associates whom they are not allowed to bring home, and who are therefore probably such as would be unfit to introduce in the domestic circle.

Some parents again let their children grow up with little or no restraint whatever. An extravagant home if rich, a muddling one if poor, becomes a moral bear-garden, as each individual member says and does just as he likes. As for companions, neither restriction is used nor advice given. Every girl and boy, and son and daughter, picks up who he or she pleases, goes where he or she likes, and even if a tardy word of advice is given, or the parent, alarmed too late, ventures to remonstrate, the ill-trained young people, unaccustomed to submit, assert an independent will with a loud voice, and go obstinately on the road to danger, possibly destruction.

Or the home may not be ill-regulated; it may be under most strict discipline. The different apartments may be models of arrangement and cleanliness; the meals may be punctual to the ticking of the clock, and well served. The house may be closed betimes at night, and the breakfast-bell may ring early; the garden may be trim; the servants may be civil, and competent, and have lived in the family a dozen years; the visiting circle may include persons of position, character, and means. And yet with all this a healthy atmosphere for young sons and daughters may not pervade the home; for them no companionship may exist, no friendships be formed.

The junior members may reside at home as in a house of correction, forced only to be strictly regular, strictly proper, and repressed or "kept down" to the level of automata. They must sit, eat, move with a formality comprising an admixture of the dancing master, the drill-sergeant, the dumb-bells, back-boards, and other appliances, physical and mental.

Their religion, that most important of all subjects, does not savour of Christian love and humility; it is the faith of the Pharisee that relies on regular church-going, using formal prayers, learning hymns and catechisms, and thanking God that "they are not like other men." Their hearts are left totally untrained; the very existence of hearts is ignored; natural feelings and emotions are not presumed to possess them; they are too repressed and kept down, poor young things, to betray that they

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have any. Therefore, there is no training of character. The good emotions are not allowed free play, nor the bad ones discouraged and eradicated. The feelings that never see the light, nevertheless exist, and are growing into full force in the dark, awry and deformed, and, unless by a miracle of divine grace, the evil weeds overpowering and choking the fair flowers.

There is a great deal of danger in young people making acquaintances for themselves. There is no transaction in life in which it is necessary to be more guarded than in making acquaintance with strangers. If all is not gold that glitters, neither is all that seems fair fit for friendship. The acquaintances which young people make under unfavourable circumstances are frequently of inferior character. Often low, objectionable connections are formed. Friends are welcomed because of their kindly and genial qualities, which strike them in happy contrast with home restriction; and questionable habits or principles, which they fail at first to see, are condoned in favour of pleasant frankness. In the words of Pope,

"They first endure, then cherish, then embrace."

With their self-made friends the young people find themselves no longer treated as babes from the nursery, but as men and women, and receive for the first time in their lives just appreciation, as they think in their inexperience; they are flattered, probably from some worldly motive, with a flattery the falsehood of which they are too unsuspicious and unsophisticated to see.

"Tell me who your friends are, and I will tell you what *you* are," says a wise proverb, paraphrased in the fable of the pigeon which the farmer found in a kite's nest and forthwith nailed to the barn-door as a bird of prey. Persons are sure to be classed with their associates, and frequently through life their level will be found to be that of their earliest associates. Though "it is never too late to mend," few have the moral power to throw off foolish or vicious associates, and start afresh and live down a bad reputation; still fewer are so fortunate as to find none of the moral mud sticking, or the thorns cropping up occasionally at intervals to wound anew. We do not look for honest men amongst thieves, or pious ones amongst free-thinkers, or men of principle amongst gamblers; nor for modest and pious persons amongst those of bold carriage. On the other hand, many a valuable position in life is the result of a valuable acquaintance. Men, and still oftener women, meet with the partner of their life amongst their earliest associates or some introduction that springs from them.

Good and wise parents, without relaxing necessary discipline, endeavour to make home happy and to furnish sources of amusement, occupation, and interest in the evenings to induce both sons and daughters to remain at home. They always allow their children to remain at perfect ease with them, and this is done by kindly encouragement and praise when deserved, not sparing reproof if required, but administering it kindly and firmly. Nagging, harping, and "talking at" a culprit is wisely avoided.

A uniform kind manner, a ready sympathy, is sure to entail confidence and respect between parents and children. A home can only be a happy one, and young people safe, when they are able to confide without reserve in their parents, to look upon them as their best friends, and are guided by their advice.

Yet how rarely we find parent and child in this frank familiar footing, the mother the daughter's most confidential friend, the father the companion of his son. The lad and lass, cowed at home, seek eagerly the relief of some friendly roof, where they feel free from the unnatural restraint of a too rigid home and believe themselves appreciated as they deserve for their own merits—where the girl feels that she is a woman to be admired, respected, and loved, if worthy; and the youth that "a man's a man for a' that," escaping taunting and rudeness at home.

Rudeness at home! That expression trenches on a topic not always receiving due attention—the claims of grown sons and daughters to respect as men and women at home. No home can be happy or harmonious wherein the members do not exhibit towards one another the same amenities of politeness they exercise in society. Nay, no man or woman can ever possess the perfect tone of good breeding who does not practise at home the manners displayed abroad. Assumed politeness is a mere veneer, betrayed by many cracks and clumsy joints to the eyes of those who know the world.

Society is an absolute necessity to human nature—not dissipation, that is the abuse or excess of society. Men and women, long secluded from general intercourse, grow eccentric, both in aspect and manner. Few things short of actual vice are more fatal to persons starting in life, or making their way in the world, than eccentricity.

But greater dangers than eccentricity await the forming of unsuitable friendships by the juvenile members of a family. Many a promising young man has gradually gone the road to ruin, allured by evil but specious companions. Many a girl has made a mis-alliance or a worse mistake from the same cause. In short, parents owe duties to their children in this respect, which are too often neglected. It is not my province to give detailed advice, which must be determined by a variety of circumstances in each case; my object will be attained if I direct attention to a matter upon which happiness and success in life greatly depend, the duty of parents to find suitable playmates and companions for their sons and daughters.

G. C. C.

## NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

### A WONDERFUL PARROT.

I REMEMBER a bird of remarkable talking powers, the property of Mr. Seth Moore, of Southport, Lancashire, which, when first he obtained her, and for long afterwards, could do nothing in the way of talking but scream; this she could do to aggravating perfection. It was many months before she would even condescend to whistle, but at last she was taught to whistle "Not for Joe," a verse of which she could execute very creditably. From this time her progress was rapid, and she soon began to bid us "Good-by," as we went out of the house. Mrs. Moore, on coming down-stairs every morning, she would greet by saying, "Good morning, Mary Moore." The mother and father of Mrs. Moore visited about once a week, as a rule, separately, and the parrot always distinguished them. The mother invariably, and her alone, she would greet as soon

as she saw her, by saying, "Good morning, grandmother;" and the father with the words, "Good morning, grandfather."

One night Polly was in the kitchen by herself; it was very nearly dark, and Mr. Moore was quietly going through the kitchen for something, when Polly cried out, "Ann's (Mrs. Moore's niece) gone to church," which was a literal fact. Mrs. Moore was the proprietress of a glass and china warehouse, and sometimes Polly was hung up in the shop, and she would bid all welcome by shouting out, "Walk in, ladies; show-rooms up-stairs—glass and china; Selling off! Cheap!" Polly was in the shop one day when a person came in to buy something. Polly was silent until the woman was nearly out of the shop, when she shouted out, "What's your name?" The woman turned back, and said to Mrs. Moore, very innocently, "My name's Mrs. B——, ma'am." Her astonishment on being told who was her querist was almost greater than her belief.

One of the most remarkable things Polly could do was to *sing*. She could sing in correct tune and measure the well-known words—"There is a happy land, far, far away."

If she were asked her name she would respond, "Polly Moore," and would respectfully venture to ask you *your* name. When the family were at breakfast, Polly would always say, "Come, Ann! Polly want egg," and persist in saying it until her demand was acceded to. A lady had been visiting at Mrs. Moore's one day, and was rising to go, saying at the same time, "Well, I must be going, good-by," when Polly sang out, "Good-by."

She was very tame, and would open her cage door, and say, very coaxingly, "Come, scratch Polly," and hang down her head to allow you to do so; sometimes she would suddenly lift up her head, and pretend to bite. There was one gentleman to whom she never could be reconciled, invariably screaming at the sight of him until her cage was covered up.

Amongst other things, all of which it would be impossible to remember, she could say,—

"Come, Willie, yoke Charley (the pony), Polly wants a ride."

"Willie's gone to school."

"What's o'clock?"

"Polly's a brick."

"Poor little Jacob" (to the cat).

"Come, Ann, Polly wants dinner."

There was a German band playing in the street one day, when Polly asked "what was up." She was told, "The Germans are coming," and always after that, on hearing a German band, she would say, "What's up? what's up? The Germans are coming!"

She could laugh as naturally as a human being. One night she suddenly jumped off the top of her cage into the fire, and, although she jumped out directly, she never recovered, but, much to our regret, died.

WILLIAM SIMMS.

#### SENSE OF HEARING IN PORPOISES.

The following interesting "notes" are given by Mr. H. Lee:—

"I have quite satisfied myself, by repeated experiments, that porpoises hear under water sounds made in the external air. Their well-developed auditory apparatus would, of course, indicate that they pos-

sessed the sense of hearing, but the outer orifice of the ear is so minute—not larger than a fine pin-hole—that I have always doubted whether ordinary sounds, properly so called, could act upon the tympanum by entering it, or by passing through the overlying flesh. Whilst waiting for opportunities of testing this, I have felt inclined to believe that, although these animals might be extremely sensitive to reverberation, such as that produced by the firing of heavy guns, or the rumbling of thunder, or even to sounds directly imparted to the water, as the splash of an oar or the leaping of a fish, they were not endowed with hearing, in the usual acceptance of the word. When, therefore, Streeter, the intelligent attendant on the porpoises at the Brighton Aquarium, informed me recently that he had trained them to come to be fed at the sound of his whistle, I took pains to ascertain if they really answered his call, or whether they had not seen his approach or become aware of it by the smell of the fish he carried for their dinner, or by the vibration of his footsteps as he walked along the planks above the surface of the water. Even the fishes know their accustomed feeding-time, and exhibit their consciousness of it by swimming to and fro as restlessly as the lions and tigers at the Zoological Gardens pace their dens when the same gratifying hour draws near; and they wait as anxiously and expectantly for the well-known step overhead of their keeper, as these four-footed carnivora listen for the longed-for sound of the meat-barrow. The porpoise being more intelligent than any fish, it was to be expected that they also would be more than usually on the alert at their ordinary meal-times. I therefore selected another period of the day, and placed Streeter where they could not possibly see him. The first note of the whistle instantly startled them, and they made for the end of the tank where they generally take the food from his hand. Not finding him there, they went in quest of him towards the other end, keeping all the time near the surface of the water, and exhibiting fresh symptoms of excitement each time the whistle was blown.

"Having repeated this several times, I proceeded to ascertain how low and soft a sound would attract their attention, and I confess the result surprised me. If I place my face against the front glass of the tank, the one of the three which has been longest in the aquarium will often stop in her course while swimming along, and come round to look at me; but if I give, with the lips alone, and without any instrument, a low whistle, no louder than that with which one would call a little scampering pet dog to follow more closely when out of doors, the others will come near to the glass, and give unmistakable signs of pleasure and recognition, responding to every separate note by a slight jerk of the tail.

"I am not prepared to say how the sound reaches them. If it pass directly in a straight line, it must penetrate a sheet of glass an inch thick before it arrives at the water. If it ascend to the exposed surface of the water, and pass downward to the porpoises, it is very much muffled and diminished in passing through an opening only about two inches wide; for to communicate through this aperture with a man on the top of the tank, one has to shout rather loudly. At present, it appears to me that a moderate whistle of the lips is not heard by the porpoises at a greater distance than twenty feet, when one is standing in the corridor, and separated from them by the thick plate glass."



## SUN-FISH.

An appeal from Mr. T. F. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries, in behalf of the families of some poor fishermen who had perished in catching sun-fish, led to a discussion as to the mode of capture and the size and habits of the fish. Mr. Walpole, our English Fishery Inspector, doubted the statements as to the dangers of the fishery, but Mr. Brady, besides his own testimony as an eye-witness, brought proofs from well-known authorities.

Yarrell says:—"The basking shark—the sun-fish and sail-fish—*Selachus maximus* (Le Pelerin), *Squalus maximus* (Linnaeus), etc., so called from its habit of remaining occasionally at the surface of the water almost motionless, as if enjoying the influence of the sun's rays, whence it is also on some parts of the Irish and Welsh coasts called sun-fish, is one of the largest of the true fishes, and has been known to measure 36ft. in length. It has been taken on the coasts of Waterford, Wales, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and several times at different places on the coast of Sussex. . . . The difficulty of obtaining a perfect view of this unwieldy fish, either when floating or when from its great weight it lies partly embedded in the soft soil of the sea-shore, has led to the differences which appear in the representations of it which have been published by different naturalists. . . . From its habit of swimming slowly along with its dorsal fin and sometimes part of its back out of water it has obtained in the north the name of sail-fish. In Orkney it is called hoe mother."

Couch says, "Basking shark—sun-fish—sail-fish—hoe mother in Orkney." He gives as a reason for the difficulty of taking a correct likeness of the fish that—

"Of course no line would be sufficiently strong to hold it, and I have been told that the example referred to in this description of 31ft. in length was able to break a six-inch hawser, and the doubling of a net alone was able to control its strength. . . . From this habit it has received the name by which it is now generally known, and from which, also, it has been termed the sun-fish," etc.

He then gives a description of this fishery taken from the work of Mr. W. Brabazon in his account of the fisheries of Ireland, from which the following are extracts:—

"If the end of April is hot the sun-fish (locally so named) are certain to show above the water and remain on the (Clew) Bank till the middle of May. They are taken on the Sun-fish Bank, about 100 miles west of Clew Bay, and extending many miles north and south. The liver of these fish is generally two tons in weight, and makes from six to eight barrels of oil. These fish are very powerful in the water, and, if harpooned in the shoulder, they are very hard to kill, often carrying off the whole harpoon line. They must be struck with great caution, as they will stave in the boat with a blow of their tail if it is at all within reach. They have counted from 60 to 100 basking in the sun of a morning towards the latter end of June. This is the largest of the sharks and of all true fishes, so that from its size and partly from its habits it was formerly regarded as belonging to the class of whales. One was taken in Cornwall which measured 31ft. 8in., and the circumference of body was great even in proportion to such enormous length. The example was 31ft. 8in. long,

19ft. round, and the mouth was 5½ft. wide, extent of tail 6ft. 9in.; weight said to be 8 tons. As it lay on the ground the height of the body was 8½ft. The Cornish specimen produced 198 gallons of oil."

Cuvier says it is the largest of the true fishes, being sometimes 36ft. Jardine says the liver is of large size, and in one fish, measuring 26ft., yielded 150 gallons of oil; in other instances eight barrels of oil have been procured. He gives the same description as Yarrell, and says sometimes they run off with 200 fathoms of line and two harpoons in them, and will employ the fishers from 12 to 24 hours before they are subdued.

## Varieties.

SLEEP AT WILL.—We receive the following from Major-General Sir J. E. Alexander, C.B., K.C.L.S.:—"In a late number of the 'Leisure Hour' I observed reference made to a gentleman now long deceased, Mr. Gardner, the hypnologist, who professed to produce sleep at will. It is added, 'This alluring system of producing sleep was, however, lost to us (with the death of Mr. Gardner). Those only to whom his mystery was unfolded by the professor himself can judge of the effect produced, as they were invariably enjoined to secrecy.'

Though I fortunately did not require the exercise of Mr. Gardner's art, he imparted to me his secret, with a promise not to reveal it, in his lifetime, under a heavy penalty, but as divulging it cannot injure him now, and may benefit many sufferers from sleeplessness, I will shortly explain Mr. Gardner's system for 'Sleep at Will.'

When he sent me an invitation to visit him at his rooms in Regent Street I was occupied with the press; he knew this, and thought if I approved of his system I might assist him by a notice in a periodical or among my friends. Mr. Gardner was an Irishman, of respectable appearance and good address, and he said to me, 'When you wish to produce sleep, after being some time in bed, what do you do?' I replied, 'I find no difficulty in sleeping, for I take several hours' exercise daily.' 'But,' said Mr. Gardner, 'what do you understand that other people do who cannot sleep when they wish to do so?' I answered, 'They count a thousand sheep going through a gap in a fence, or they take up a mathematical book; and others begin to say a prayer—which should be done always reverently and not whilst trying to be drowsy.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Gardner, 'all these ways may be tried, but they often fail.'

Here there was a knock at the door, and on its being opened an elderly gentleman appeared. Mr. Gardner said, 'I'll see you presently, general.' I asked who this was. Mr. Gardner said, 'One of my patients, General O'Halloran, from India; I am going to instruct him how to get rest and sleep.'

Mr. Gardner continued: 'I had a complaint which prevented my sleeping, and I tried all the usual means to induce sleep, but all failed. I had no sleep for many days and was worn out. At last I discovered that something of a monotonous nature would produce sleep. Whilst we live we must breathe, and if, after composing our limbs in bed, we try to divest our thoughts of all else except the act of breathing, and attend to the heaving of the chest, and fancy we see the air passing in and out of the nostrils, this becomes so monotonous that it insensibly mesmerises us, and we fall asleep. This is my secret.'

I may mention that on one occasion, whilst on service in India, I met with a serious accident—was blown up with gunpowder, and got no sleep till my servants shampooed my feet.

Finally, it will be found that sleep will be promoted by walking about the room for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before going to bed, and exercising with a pair of light dumb-bells. The extremities will thus be warmed, and good circulation induced; few can sleep with cold feet.

Westerton, Bridge of Allan.

A CURIOSITY IN JOURNALISM.—The London correspondent of the 'Scotsman' states that 'Before the 67th Regiment left England for British Burmah the officers spent a sum of £300, which had been saved out of the canteen fund, in the purchase of a printing press and types. Soon after their arrival at Rangoon they produced what is, I believe, a phenomenon in British journalism—I mean a 'regimental newspaper,' the editors,

printers, and publishers of which are all attached to the 67th Regiment. The publication began with the first month of the present year, and I have had an opportunity of perusing all the numbers which have since reached this country. 'Our Chronicle,' as the journal is called, contains leading articles, dramatic and musical criticisms, poetry, a history of the regiment, sketches of Burmah and Burmese life, local and military intelligence, etc. After reading that an inquest had been held on the body of a soldier who was found in a ditch, it was believed quite dead, but who turned out to be only dead drunk, it is gratifying to be assured that instances of the excessive use of intoxicating liquors have been comparatively rare among the men of the regiment since its arrival in Rangoon. A single couplet from some amusing lines by the poet of the 67th will sufficiently indicate the discomforts which are experienced at Rangoon—

'What fœtid swarms of reptiles, great and small,  
Upon the dinner-table madly fall.'

One good feature in 'Our Chronicle' is the publication of a regimental gazette, in which all promotions of non-commissioned officers are announced, on the model of the 'London Gazette,' a recognition of deserving men which is well calculated to maintain the *esprit de corps* of the regiment."

MRS. HONYWOOD'S CUP.—The narrative of the Rev. C. B. Tayler, respecting this cup, in the October "Sunday at Home," reminds us of the most famous of all our "glass stories" in the so-called "Luck of Eden Hall":

"If that glass do break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

So runs the legend. This particular glass is a sacramental goblet, long preserved at Eden Hall, near Penrith, a seat of the Musgrave family. It is still sound, and has been described by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It has been burlesqued in some verses attributed to the notorious Duke of Wharton, who died an outlaw in 1731. There is also a modern sentimental ballad by Mr. Whiffin, a Quaker poet, the translator of Tasso, who was librarian at Woburn Abbey, and died in 1836. These verses are to be met with in most volumes of selections.—A. H.

POLITENESS TO WOMEN, FALSE OR TRUE.—There does not appear any reason why the education of women should differ in its essentials from that of men. The education which is good for human nature is good for them. They are a part—and they ought to be in a much greater degree than they are, a part—of the effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family. In intellectual, as well as in other affairs, they ought to be fit helps to man. The preposterous absurdities of chivalrous times still exert a wretched influence over the character and allotment of women. Men are not polite, but gallant; they do not act towards women as to beings of kindred habits and character, as to beings who, like the other portion of mankind, reason and reflect and judge, but as to beings who please, and whom men are bound to please. Essentially there is no kindness, no politeness in this, but selfishness and insolence. He is the man of politeness who evinces his respect for the female *mind*. He is the man of insolence who tacitly says, when he enters into the society of women, that he needs not to bring his intellect with him. I do not mean to affirm that these persons intend insolence, or are conscious always of the real character of their habits. They think they are attentive and polite; and habit has become so inveterate, that they really are not pleased if a woman, by the vigour of her conversation, interrupts the pleasant trifling to which they are accustomed. Unhappily, a great number of women themselves prefer this varnished and gilded contempt to solid respect. They would rather think themselves fascinating than respectable. They will not see—and very often they do not see—the practical insolence with which they are treated. Yet what insolence is so great as that of half a dozen men who, having been engaged in intelligent conversation, suddenly exchange it for frivolity if ladies enter!—*Dymond's Essays on Morality*.

COUNT MOLTKE.—The *Lubeck Gazette* published the following letter from Count Moltke, which appears to have been addressed to some enterprising German publisher. The letter is dated Kreisau, October 15, 1872:—"To your letter of the 11th inst., I reply that it will not be possible to gain from my youth an interesting account for the public. I am the third of seven sons of my father, the Danish Lieutenant-General von Moltke. My mother was Henrietta Paschen, daughter of the Councillor of Finance Paschen, of Hamburg. After his marriage my father purchased property—first in the Preignitz, and afterwards in Mecklenburg. I was born on the 23th of October,

1800, in the town of Parhim, where my parents were on a visit with my uncle Helmuth von Moltke, who, in 1812, marched with the Mecklenburg battalion to Russia, and perished there. I received the name Helmuth Karl Bernhard. I went with my parents to Lübeck, where in 1806 our house was sacked by the French. My earliest remembrances relate to Lübeck, and its old gates and towers, and I have, after long years, immediately recognised our old house at the Schranken, notwithstanding the changed neighbourhood. In the meantime my father had bought the property of Augustenhof in Holstein. A year after it was burnt down with the whole of the harvest. Soon after my grandfather, who disposed of a large fortune, died. His will contained numerous and large legacies. He had not considered the very numerous losses which the war had caused to him. My mother, as universal legatee, had to bear them, and therefore the inheritance was reduced almost to nothing. The property had to be sold. In the meantime I had been sent, with my elder brother, to the Land Cadets' Academy in Copenhagen. As alumni we passed there a joyless youth. At the age of eighteen I became an officer. The small 'outlooks' (to use Mr. Carlyle's favourite term for the German *Aussichten*) which the Danish military service offered made me desirous to enter into the Prussian army, where my father and several of his brothers had also served. With good recommendations from the chief of my regiment, the Duke of Holstein, father of the present King of Denmark, I went to Berlin, passed the officers' examination, and was immediately appointed to the Body-Infantry Regiment, No. 8. From thence begins my sufficiently-known military career. The writings I have published are the 'Russo-Turkish Campaign, and 'Letters from Turkey' (the campaigns in Italy, Denmark, and Austria are not by me, but by the Historical Department of the General Staff). By me are also maps of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and the environs of Rome, and also the essential part of Kipert's map of Asia Minor."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

LONGEVITY.—The ages given in the Registrar-General's reports are taken on the statements of the relatives or other persons communicating information. They are not authenticated in any degree by being found in these returns. Thus, in 1871, there were 27 persons registered as dying at the age of 100 years, 17 at 101, 10 at 102, 5 at 103, 3 at 104, 2 at 105, 2 at 106, 1 at 107, 1 at 108, 1 at 109 years. The last three should have special mention; a man in the district of Sevenoaks was registered as dying 107 years old; a man in the district of Ledbury 108; a woman in the district of Chester 109 years old. Seven centenarians died in the metropolis, and seven in Lancashire. Of the whole 69, 25 were men and 44 were women. From 1861 to 1871 the deaths of people registered as being 100 years old or more averaged 73 a year; 21 men and 57 women. The Registrar-General mentions, as the only known instance of an insured life reaching 100 years, that of Jacob William Luning, who died in 1870 at the age of 103 years. His age was clearly established by documentary evidence submitted to the Registrar-General, and published by him in his weekly return.

PILGRIMAGE.—"Pilgrimage," says the sage in "Rasselas," "like many other acts of piety, may be reasonable or superstitious, according to the principles upon which it is performed. He who supposes that his own vices may be more successfully combated in Palestine, will perhaps find himself mistaken, yet he may go thither without folly; he who thinks they will be more freely pardoned, dishonours at once his reason and religion."

STRAY DOGS IN LONDON.—The Metropolitan Police report for 1872 states that, in that year 10,188 dogs were seized by the police in the streets of the metropolis. A few—namely, 828—were restored to their owners, and 34 succeeded in making their escape. The main body, as many as 9,326, were sent to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea, the ultimate destination not being reported.

DEER IN THE ROYAL PARKS.—The number of deer kept in Windsor Great Park, on an average of the last ten years, is 1,658, as appears from a return just issued; the number killed is 128, and 16 are annually required for the Royal Hunt. The nett cost is estimated as under £1,500 a year. In Richmond Park, Hampton Court Park, Bushey Park, and Greenwich Park the number of deer kept is 2,889; the number killed per year, 372; the estimated cost annually, £4,894. At Phoenix Park, Dublin, 780 are annually kept; 106 are annually killed, of which 30 are given to the poor and 24 sold; the remainder for distribution in her Majesty's service. The average nett annual cost is £203.

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## Contents

The Working Classes Abroad: Denmark. — Austria.—Portugal . . . 795

A Negro Gentleman . . . 796

Wolf's Wild Animals . . . 799

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The First Suit . . . . 809

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South Central Africa . . . . .

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Hippopotamus and Young . . . . .

The Cuckoo . . . . .

Mantis Religiosa . . . . .

PAGE

40

41

57

60

89

169

265

325

323

377

376

390

361

424

425

423

445

537

569

585

613

632

633

769

712

713

744

745

746

776

777

701

793

25

50

105

137

269

313

457

617

697

0

153

281

111

201

234

294

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Blighting the Young Life . . . . .

PAGE

601

654

654

405

403

403

403

410

410

470

472

472

472

475

480

480

480

481

488

413

440

480

481

725

723

729

385

401

417

433

449

455

481

497

613

629

645

561

677

593

609

625

641

657

657

680

705

721

737

753

769

785

601

1

39

33

65

81

97

119

129

145

161

177

193

209

225

241

257

273

289

305

321

337

353

369

801

817

73

149

185

217

233

248

249

297

345

360, 361

392

393

441

459

505

553

621

661

765

809

813

825

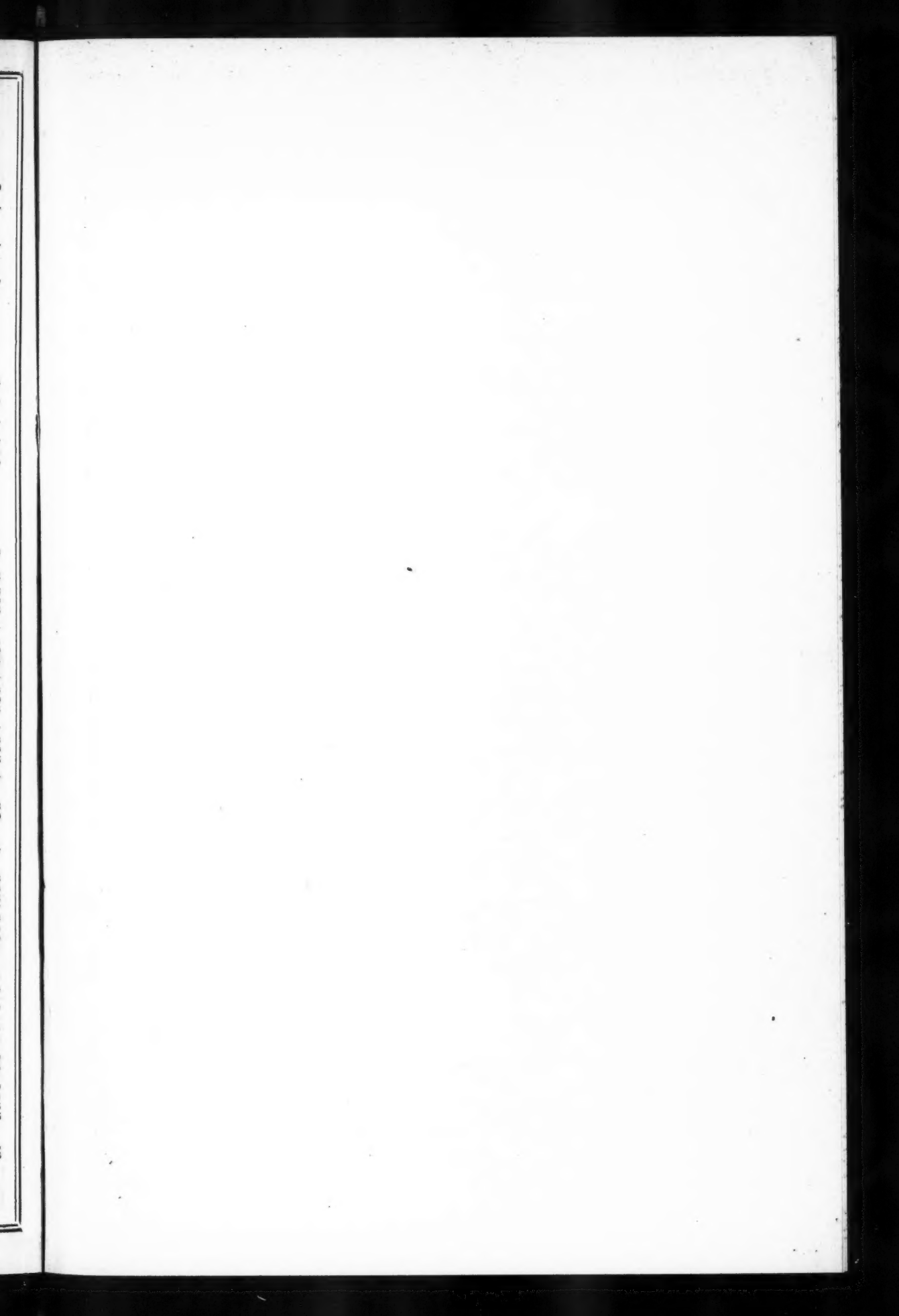
825

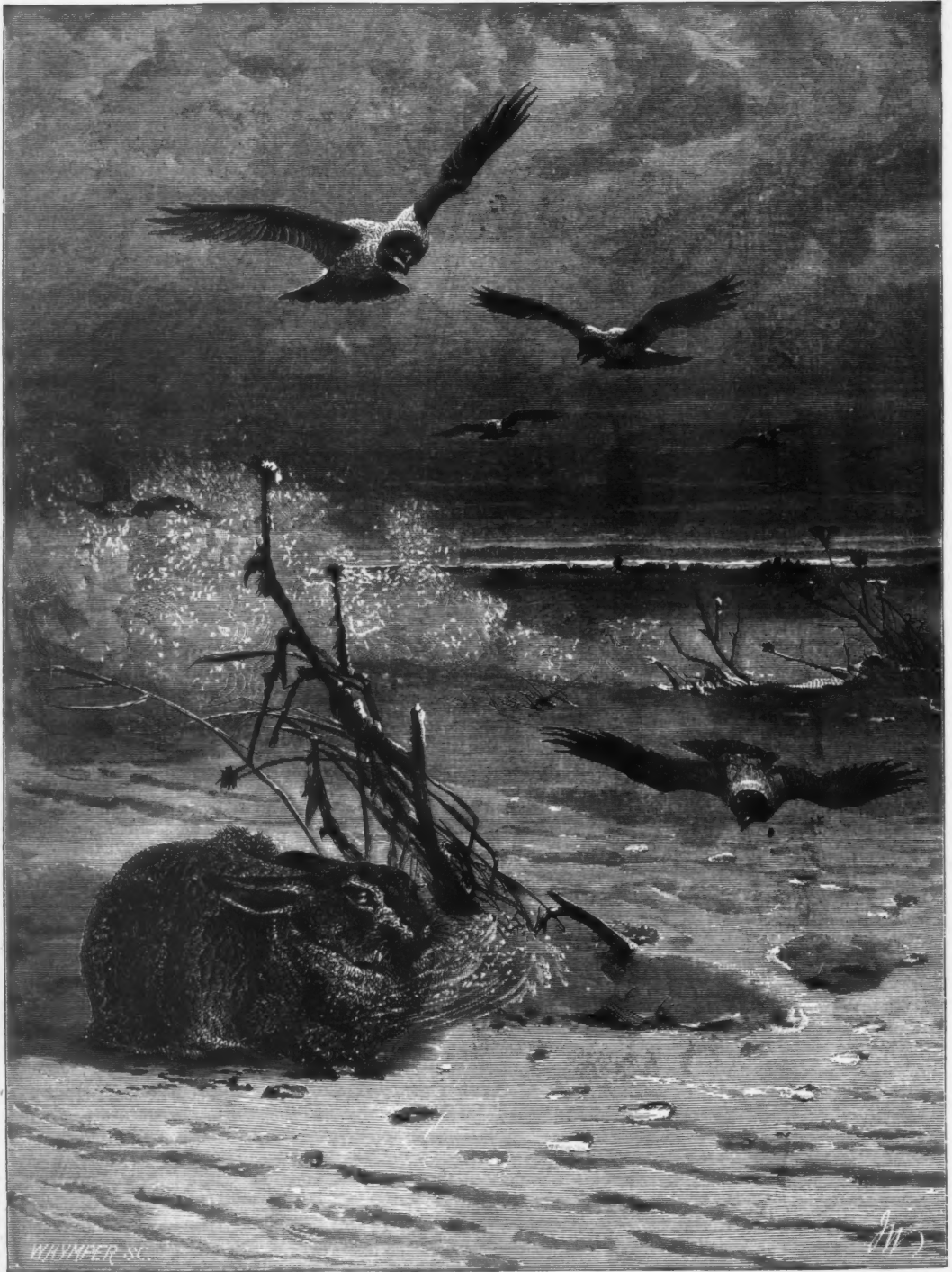
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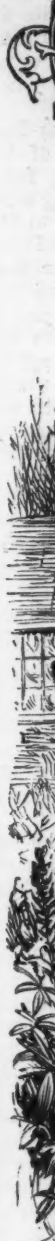
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